



Capturing Her Heart



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Chapter 1 by cameron sharlow

There she was sitting on the opposite side of the lunch room with all of her friends. I looked at her everyday with that twinkling stare, but she never looked back. Seeing her everyday was a prize to be won, the perfectly shaped body, the beautiful face, the voluminous hair, and yet it seemed nothing more than a crush. Her name was Paula Rueda Ramos de la Raya Lopez Blanco. Paula was a 15 year old exchange student from Madrid, Spain. I noticed her beautiful heart, open mind, and overall perfection, despite she barely knew i was there. I did so much to impress her, almost everyday I would go over to the table and start singing spanish music, I told her how nice and caring she was without her having an idea that i liked her. I would help her with her homework if she needed help, hoping maybe someday we might have a study date and i would have the opportunity to tell her how i really felt about her. One day, i had the chance to tell her how i felt. so i did. That night we talked till 3 oclock in the morning. I told her at the end of the conversation, " I know this is probably way too early, but I love you". I knew that many complications would come into our relationship, but it was worth staying with her. You might have thought I would have left eventually, but i could not do that to her, or my self. I stayed and fought hard for our relationship. This is the story of how i finally captured the heart of my girl.

Chapter 2 by Rix Quill



Tapas. Simple.

The way to Paula's heart was through her stomach and I looked forward to other places exposed by her craving for variety on a plate.

"I'd love to eat with you at The Picasso" she said. "I'm bored with the beef burgers, fish and chips and chicken in a bucket."

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and The Cuticle Nailbar.

But I more than approved of the sight of Paula whatsername when she finally turned up. She pranced in like she owned the place. Pink she was, with green high heels and a silver handbag. She looked 18. She said, "I hope there's some patatas bravas left. I'd dump any tacano that ate all the patatas."

Over gambas al ajillo, queso con membrillo and a carafe of house white, I asked, "Was my declaration of love for you a little premature?"

"Premature?" she quizzed, picking a piece of meatball from between her front teeth. "You can only really win my love by participating in the Running of the Bulls in Pamplona next week."

I smiled. I knew about that event - seen it on TV. People run in front of charging, youthful bulls and get gorged. "I think I'm busy all next week."

Another plate of patatas arrived.

"Of course you will be busy - running." And she slammed on the table two return tickets to Pamplona, city of bulls.

The patatas rattled on their plate.

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